LITERATURE

Malleson's Second Volume of "The Indian Mutiny."

HOW TO TALK SMALL.

Biography, Fiction, Religion, Chit-Chat.

"THE INDIAN MUTINY. The readers of the first volume of Colonel G. B. falleson's "History of the Indian Mutiny" (W. H. Allen & Co., London), and those who peruse the second volume, just issued, will got be sorry to learn that there is a third on the read which will be ready for publication about the 1st of January. The present volume deals with the storming of Delhi; with Sir John Campbell's campaign; at 1857 in Oudh, and of 1858 up to the end of May of hat year in Oudh and Rohilkhand; with the movements of the several columns and detachments in Northwestern India, in the Azamgarh district, in Bihar, in Eastern Bengal and on the southwest-ern frontier, and generally with the Bengal Resiency and Bajputáná. Colonel Talleson, as those who are familiar with his writings well know, is a bold and fearless historian. Where he has to blame, be it in the lowest rank or the highest, he does not hesitate, and he is equally just will his praise. The famous attack on Delhi is described with minute-ness, every plan and feature of the siege being made the most of. Of the attack of the 14th of September he gives the glory to the "spieldid obstinacy" of Baird Smith. General Wilson was loubtful whether it was possible to retain the ground already gained estioned the possibility. "We must do so," replied Baird Smith, who was fortunately at his elbow. Hodson, of Hodson's Horse, receives merited condemnation at Colone Malleson's hands. This famous, or infamous, solder, was authorized his way in he learned that the one and grandson of the King could be captured. Hi immediately set off in pursuit with a hundred toopers. The young men were found and surrendred at once to his mercy and generosity. But ic had neither. He wanted blood. They made no resistance and he was dis-appointed in not being able to gatify his brutal tastes. Making an idle pretext he rode up to the cart in which the princes were riding and ordered them to dis-mount and strip to their undergarments. Then he addressed his troopers, tilling them that the prisoners were butchers who had murdered their (the troopers') women and cilidren, and that they must die. Then, taking a carine from the hands of a trooper, he shot dead thethree unresisting cap-'A more brutal and innecessary outrage, says Colonel Malleson, "was never committed. It was a blunder as well as a cripe." He makes no excuse for Hodson, whose "sa age instincts required to be satisfied, and he satisfied them by this cow-ardly murder." Colonel Mileson was at Delhi at the time, and records the ippression produced by this episode as "one of the most painful in the history of the mutiny." Instriking contrast to the brutal Houson is the brave heroic John Nicholson, who, sweeping across the Punjab to reinforce the besieging army, live only long enough to see the full success of the attack he led, and died at the age of thirty-seven, after having schieved the highest rank sike as an administrator and soldier. "The siege of Delhi," remarks this writer, "was an occasion to bring out the rare qualities of the British soldier. When the story of this siege is told to our children's children," he continues "the names of its heroes will be inquired after wit

When Sir Colin Campbell arrived in Calcutta affairs were seemingly at their werst. The refusal of Lord Canning's government, in the month of July, to order the disarming of the sative regiments at Dans-pur had added still further to the difficulties of the new Commander-in-Chief. In fact, the government did nothing for him until compelled by his impor-tunities. Sir Colin was not very fortunate in the selection of General Mansfield to lead the forces on to the Subadar's tank. Though a man of more than ordinary ability Sir Colin, however, is regarded by Colonel Malleson as a great commander. He knew his enemy well, and was sound and daring in his policy. The writer now takes the reader to the east and northeast to under Brigadiers Franks and Roperoft, and by the Nipalese force under Janz Bahadur, having for their object to co-operate with the fourth great movement contemplated by Sir Colia Campbell—the reconquest of Lakhnao. That there were mistakes in this campaign Colonel Malleson freely states, and that considerable blame attaches to Sir Colin he asserts also. He, however, acknowledges his fine generalship, and says that in him rested the fate of India. Every page of Colonel Malleson's book gives evidence of careful research. He has gone at his work not as a task to be fulfilled but as a pleasant duty, and he has succeeded in giving a history that will hold its own against any comparison.

sympathy, and will inspire an interest not inferior to that with which the present generation regard the achievements of their forefathers in Spain and in

Flanders.

In the last number of Punck there is a picture representing a dinner party gathered around a groan-ing board. It is called, "Who shall say the race of ant talkers is extinct?" and the following is the conversation which accompanies it:-

Festive host (confidentially to lady on his right)—
It has constantly suggested itself to me, Mrs. Brown,
that—er—the reason why the weather—er—affords
so fruitful a topic of conversation among English
people, is—er—is that the English climate is subject to rapid variations, which cannot be foreseen, so
to speak!

to speak!

The same (to lady on his left, also confidentially)—
As I was just observing to Mrs. Brown, it has frequently occurred to my mind, Mrs. Jones, thates—that the reason why—or—the weather, in short, furnishes so inexhaustible a theme of discussion to—er—British people, is—er—no doubt—er—that the climate of the British Isles is liable, so to speak, to—er—to sudden mutations, which we cannot calculate upon beforehand!

This same thought, with elaborations, is repe the festive hostess at the other end of the table. If the testive host had only mot with "Society Small "alk" by "a Member of the Aristogracy" (Seribne & Welford) he would have escaped this showing up devotes a whole chapter to "Dinner Table Talk," which she says should be particularly light and able. If nothing else suggests itself the news oposed as an excellent subject with which to open conversation, and we are told that "a lady, whether married or simple need not bloom. playing her ignorance where an entrée or made dish Then the lady, with a view of discov-

is concerned." Then the lady, with a view of disceveritg whether her companion is of the silent order of diner-out or not, any say:

"Some people d.," not appear inclined to cat and talk at the same time, the few observations they make merely coming in between the courses."

"He must be a dull follow who cannot continue to do both with satisfaction to his fair neighbor, if not to himself," is, we are told, "the style of answer in one case or the other, as it might be."

"I hope you won't think me quite a bear if I own to a predilection for doing one thing at a time;" and "a lady would shape her roply accordingly."

Agreeable small talk this writer considers "the key to all pleasant intimacies and acquaintanceships."

to all pleasant intimacies and acquaintanceships."
In morning calls the weather may be glanced at for ees with the "festive host" that the "variability of the English climate naturally suggests a few passing remarks." In taking leave of the lady upon
whom you are calling say "goodby," but not "good
morning" or "good afternoon," for these terms are
chiefly used "between superiors and inferiors and chiefly used "between superiors and inferiors and between business men." If a lady says "How do ion, but merely repeat the same inquiry. Among og" or anything will suggest a topic of con-

a very protty hair," &c.

as a useful lead if addressed to a young man bearing

Her Majesty's commission.

The "airy nothings of the ballroom" are dilated upon. A young man must assume a "pleading tone" when asking a lady for a dance. "Won't you spare me a dance?" or "Shall we take a turn?" to which the young lady replies, "Certainly; I am not engaged for number five, nine or thirteen." If in the pause of the dance the young lady remarks:-

"How well the rooms are lighted," the young man might reply:—'Yes, by the light of beauty's eyes, and you are lending your share, which is not a small one, to the general illumination, the brilliancy of which is almost too dazzling to a poor mortal like myself, to whom it is well that moments such as these are brief, else the reaction would be destructive to my peace of mind if not nitogether fatal to it." If she can think of no elaborate reply to this torrent she may smile and say, "How absurd you are!"

There is no circumstance where small talk may be of use that this writer has neglected to provide for, and bashful young men and women have only to commit its lines by heart to make an agreeable impression on society. The result may be a rather monotonous one if several students of the book meet at one table, but this is not so fatal as to display any conversational originality. The true plan, we are assured, is to converse as though one was born a cynic and developed into a simpering idiot—that is to say, halting inauity with a soupcon of scepticism

"ARRAHAM LINCOLN"

Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland is a gentleman considerable literary experience, and a service with his pen, but his life of "Abra-ham Lincoln," which G. P. Putnam's Sons has just published, is far from being a creditable work. It is written in a spirit of hearty admiration for its subject, but when admiration finds expression in print it needs more assistance to make it effective than Mr. Leland has seen fit to give it. The ook was apparently written for English res and the author occasionally remembers this, but as rule he neglects to make clear many things, in his tory and geography, that would be necessary even to American readers, for the first time, about Lincoln. The chronological sequence of the story is often in errupted, and when resumed the dates sometimes fail to extend to the year, so that confusion is likely to ensue in the mind of the reader. Mr. Leland he the doubtful taste to make occasional references. not at all necessary, to a periodical which he edited during our troublous times, and even to reprint from the same magazine a poem, the meaning of which might more effectively be stated in prose. Careless expressions abound; among other instances we note that in Early's fanous advance toward Washington he found him self contronted by the Sixth regiment, from the Pocomac army, and the Nineteenth regiment, from Louisians, the word regiment being substituted for corps; also that General Dick Taylor, after the ownfall of Lee and Jackson, surrendered the Confederate troops east of the Mississippi instead of west. The only time Canby's work is alluded to his name is spelled Cawley. Worse than careless is the author's attempt to make the terms "democrats" and "copperheads" interchangeable, for this implies to the foreign reader that the anti-war faction o tained all the members of the great party which did

Mr. Leland's book is the initial volume of a series alled "The New Piutarch," which will include live of Victor Emmanuel, Richelieu, Charlemagne, Harold the Fair Haired, Gustavus Adolphus and several other noted characters, some of the names of the authors being guarantees of good work.

Charles Scribner's Sons have reissued, in two volumes, "A Memoir of S. S. Prentiss," which was first published a quarter of a century ago. The subject of this memoir has seldom been publicly talked of in the East since the days when Milburn, 'the blind preacher," used to fill large houses with his appreciative, affectionate lecture upon "The Thunderer of the Southwest." South of the Ohio River, however, Prentiss' name and fame are still the talk of those who were men before the war. His political acumen, his social qualities and his ready and brilliant wit gave him a prominence which any man might have envied, and had he not been of too great intellectual stature for a partisan his name would have become as widely known as that of any of the men who were foremost in national polities in ante-war days. No political history of the Southwest is complete without frequent mention of Prentiss, and the best history of the man will be ound in the "Memoir," which consists almost en tirely of the subject's own letters.

In "Figs and Thistles" the author, Albion W. Tourgee, changes his scene of action, moving from the sunny South to the wild West. It is called a "representative American novel," and so it is to a certain extent. The hero not only comes into the world barefoot, but he goes shoeless and stockingless for a long time after his arrival. Adverse fo tune does not daunt him. He seizes the wheel by both his strong young hands and turns it back, so that from being at the bottom he reaches the top. He practises as an attorney, he serves in the war, and at last reaches that longed-for place to which every good American aspires-Congress. There is no lack of incident in this peculiar book. Love, war, politics—almost everything in the history of man, is touched upon. There are twenty odd perbook, but Markham Churr is the here and Lizzie Harper the heroine. There is not much prosing in this volume. The anthor evidently enjoys his work, and we should think that he wrote this book as he did his first, as "a recreation, merely." (Fords,

"PARIS AND HALF EUROPE IN '78." "Paris and Half Europe in '78" (G. W. Carleton & to tell what the author is driving at, whether he means to make a guide book, a catalogue or a book of travels. The first part is written by "My Boy Tommy," then Morford begins and rattles along. It seems he wrote about the Exposition of '67, so he felt it incumbent upon him in some way to write of that of '78. Like a good American, he thinks our Centennial was much finer than the Paris affair. In the matter of fine arts, jewelry and the luxuries genorally the latter he thinks was the best, but as developing the resources of all nations it was behind that of Philadelphia or even Vienna. His "bosom swells with pride" at the position taken by America at this world's fair, although he thinks our country might have done better. What we took for an advertisement in the front of the book is a dedication to Governor Richard C. McCormick, in fancy type decorated by a coat of arms.

RELIGIOUS SYMBOLISM.

There is a certain physical justinet which, when perverted, leads its possessor to ascribe impure sig-nificance to almost every human expression and action. Something of this sort must be attributed to the book which, both wholly and in fragments, Dr. Thomas luman, of London, has published under the title of "Ancient Pagan and Modern Christian Symbolism." To Mr. Inman's eye almost every character or figure used by many Pagan nations in their worship is symbolic of generation. In some cases by has historic truth on his side, but in the majority he gives himself up so utterly to inference that as an authority he is worthless, and his efforts would be laughable were they not, above all things, disgusting. The latest edition of his work, contain-ing only plates and short descriptions from the larger work of the same title, contains hundreds of drawings, none of them indecent, and few of them indicative of anything more than an architect's or artist's strivings after variety of ornadisgrace the Christian religion because of its adoption of some Pagan dresses, figures and implements. To the Christian the cross is suggestive of the suffer-Mr. Inman assumes that it is revered for its shape, This simple arrangement of straight lines, which has probably occurred, without special suggestion, to every child who ever lived, he attempts to debase, in its assumed character of a mere fetish, by

reminding us that some peoples have made the cross the symbol of certain physical organs, and that consequently Christianity is impure! Other symbols are treated in the same manner; even the altar robes of priests do not escape this peculia method of treatment. Historically, the book is nearly worthless, and otherwise it is a most mourn ful and disgusting exhibit of reason led captive by prejudice or something worse. Published by J. W. Bouton, New York.

ISRAELITES AND JUDEANS. Trübner, in London, and James Miller, in Nev York, have published an extensive work under the above title, the author being N. G. De Groot. The work is not a history of the Jews, as its title seems to indicate, but a critical review, after the manner of the German school, of the historical books of the Bible, the method of Colenso having been applied to all of the books as well as the Pentateuch. It is need-less to say that the author notes all the discrepancies which have puzzled biblical students; he has gone further, however, and applied to all important points of the record the tests which historians en ploy when considering the history of any ancient people. The conclusions drawn are that all Jewish history dating further back than the time of Alexander the Great is a combination of myths and mixed traditions; that many individuals whose deeds are recorded in the books of the Old Testament existed, but that their acts are magnified or distort by that hero-worshipping spirit peculiar to a proud and exclusive people; that the numerical strength of the chosen people has been grossly exaggerated, and the recorded conquests were of very trifling importance compared with what is claimed for them. Students of the Old Testament will find the work suggestive, however they may disagree with its conclusions, and the indignation of the strictly orthodox will be tempered by the efforts that the author makes to banish the tormenting Ten Tribes

to the region of myths. "Angels' Messages, Through Mrs. Ellen E. Ward as a Mcdium," is the title of a volume which we commend to the consideration of ex-Superintendent Kiddle. The introduction is signed "Amanuousis," who says, "Let any man laugh and scorn who may, it will not stop a progressive mind." She assured us that "these communications from spirit friends" have afforded her "much instruction, great comfort and warm encouragement. They have," she says, "made life a perpetual pleasure and fitted me for all my cares and labors." "Ridicule, a weapon that prevents so many from doing right and urges many more to deeds of evil, I fear not," she says. Notwithstanding the peculiar manner in which these messages are communicated there is a good deal of truth in some of their teachings, as well as a great deal of nonsense. The angel or angels who sent them are evidently practical, common sense angels, for they would teach man contentment with lot. warn him against crime and ambition, idolatry, speculation and other temptations that beset the path of mortals. They are the mental afterwash of a course of current sermonizing, and might be styled "Tupper in a Trance."

Dr. John Todhunter is writing a book on Shelley. "Eldmuir" is the title of a new art story of Scottish life.

M. Gustave Mason has prepared a school edition of Guizot's "History of France."

George Manville Fenn has written a story of Lin-

colnshire life called "Parson o' Dumford." Theodore Tilton has been courting the muses of late, and the result is a volume of poems that will

be published by R. Worthington.

Principal Tulloch, upon becoming editor of Fraser's Magazine, has given up the management of the Record of the Church of Scotland, which he has held

for seventeen years.

Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson has arrived in town from her Western home. She is on her way to Europe, where she will reside for some time to come. Miss Woolson is one of our strongest writers of short stories, a volume of which, published some time ago, had a wide circulation.

The "Poems of Wordsworth," chosen and edited by Matthew Arnold, have been published in a tasteful volume by Macmilian & Co. The critical preface which accompanies this volume appeared first in Macmillan's Magazine, at which time it was reviewed

The late James Nack, though unknown to the great mass of readers, had a high reputation as a poet was deprived of his hearing by an accident, and consequently lost the power of speech. But that did not prevent his writing, and a volume of his poems written before he was eighteen years old won a flat-tering reception. He wrote in various moods, but there was a prevailing tenderness in all. His poems to his wife and children were among his best.

Mr., E. C. Stedman has just returned from Europe very much benefited by his six months' vacatio He had a delightful time in England, where he visited the haunts of the dead poets and the homes of the living. Mr. Stedman brings with him a volume of Austin Dobson's poems, which will be published here, and for which he will write a preface. Mr. Dobson is best known by his vers de société: the new volume, however, drops that style, though it is light and dainty, and treats of the "teacup time of

hood and hoop."

Brevet Colonel Horatio C. King, late major of the Thirteenth regiment, State National Guard, has pub lished, at the request of his brother officers, a neatly printed book giving an account of the visit of the command to Montreal in May last, when the American flag stood side by side with the red cross of England in a sham battle in honor of Her Gracious Majesty's birthday. The parrative is written in an unpretending manner, and will no doubt be prized by more than the members of the gallant Thir-teenth as a memento of a peaceful invasion across

The Home Library. Great English Churchmen: or, Famous Names in English Church History and Literature, By W. H. Davenport Adams. From Pott, Young & Co., New York. on of the West. The Northmen, with map; the two maps; the English, with two maps; the map; the Continental Tentons, with map. In By Rev. G. F. Maclear, D. D. Pott, Young &

five vols. By Rev. G. F. Maclear, D. D. Pott, Young & Co., New York.

Lift of William Engene Harward. By Rev. Frank E. Clark, Hoyt, Fogg & Douham, publishers, Portland, Me. The Last Athenian. Translated from the Swedish of Victor Rydberg by William W. Thomas, Jr. T. B. Peter son & Rros., publishers, Philadelphia.

The Moderu Bethesda; or, The Gift of Healing Restored. Being some accounts of the life and labors of Dr. J. R. Newton, healer. Edited by A. E. Newton. Newton Publishing Company, New York.

BOSTON BOOKS.

DR. JOYCE'S NEW EPIC. "BLAUID." ABOUT TO "LIGHT OF ASIA" - JULES VERNE'S LATEST, "THE TRIBULATIONS OF A CHINAMAN IN

Bosron, Oct. 3, 1879. "Blauid," the title of Dr. Robert D. Joyce's poem, which Roberts Brothers will publish next week, means "The Blossom Bright," and is the name of one of those lovely princesses who lived in Erin in the days of old, apparently for the sole purpose of firing the inflammable hearts of all the princes and knights who beheld them, and of giving them an excuse for fighting on the limited number of days in the year when they would otherwise have been at peace. Blauid's father was king of the Isle of Man, or Mana, as it is called in the poem, and

Men of high renown, the bold and brave,
Who no er before felt love illume their breasts,
Strove for the right with splintering lance and glaive
To wear her joyful colors on their crests;
Post and mighty prince and lord and slave
Spake of her, great kings sought her hand, and quests
By knights forliers for her were nuderta'on
To take her from her sire, but all in vain.

one day when she is separated from her followers in a wood, loves her and soon after appears at the flower feast accompanied by Ferkertrie, the minstrel of Curoi, Prince of South Munster. Blauid's father recognizes the stranger and challenges him to ride Barana, his battle steed, and Cuhullin does so, and the young man, who fails in love rides the fieres creature through the ranks of hostile with life as soon as there is danger knights that bar the way and gains the cave, where of losing it; and, after a grand scene of explanation, he lies in hiding. The knight and the princess met in which it appears that Wang is not dead, but has or six successive days after this, and he told her of his previous history and of the fate that he chose in The phonograph is introduced as a means of comhis youth, when it was prophesied that whose was munication between Kin-fo and his betrothed, and made a knight the next day should have a short but also figures in a small servant episode. The book is glorious life, and he took the weird. On the sixth entertaining, like all Julea Verne's stories, and is day she asked him to wear his armor at his next well translated.

visit, but when he reached the trysting place he found it surrounded by ambushed toes. The grew dark, the lightning flashed about him as he

rode at his enemies until

He seemed a wild, bright thing from heaven arrayed,
Bursting upon them, and his battle cry
Smote them as smost the thunder, till afraid
They cowed before him.

Then rose a wind around him and between
His foes and him upon the ochoing shore,
And grew in strength and scouraged the copses green
With wallowing sound like a huge lion's roar
In haunted forests where no foot has been.
And blew around in circles and uptore
Tall trees from their strong footbods, stem and spray.
Shaking them as a wild beast sho on his prey!

Cuhullin rode back to his cave again to doubt hether or not Blauid were false and treacherous but was soothed and comforted by the minstrel's song and went home, and after a time took com mand of the allied princes, who, weary of wooling Blauid, made up a fleet and army to besiege her father in his magic eastle. The description of this stronghold inevitably provokes comparison with Tennyson's "Palace of Art" and Poe's picture of the nt palace that reared its head in the olden time long ago. Dr. Joyce has steered a middle course etween the accurate delineation of the Englishman and the suggestive but undefined sketch of the American, and carefully describes the twelve faces oright which the castle displays to the woods, each face baving the figure of a month upon it; but for the rest he says:-

Brest he says:

High towering o'er these wondrous imageries
Shot up a world of gided dome and vane,
Pinnet and frested roof, like planta-les
That run as full moon through a madman's brain;
And could you through its crystal galleries
And golden halls and bowers hear fitting strain,
One long farawn droam of glory non could tell
Would hold you many an hour beneath its spell!

The siege lasted for several days, but at last the eastle was captured by the aid of a magic spear that the loveliest fewel in the fortress should be his When the spoil was distributed he chose Blauid as the loveliest jewel and bore her away. Cuhuilin returned home and mourned his loss in anger and silence until the lamentations of his people called him forth to slay a great wolf that ravaged the land. After killing the beast he had a vision in which he saw Blauid lamenting her hard fate, whereupon he instantly set forth to challenge Prince Curoi, who conquered him, bound him and "reft him of his yellow locks of light." Biauid was forced to accompany her husband from the field, but went, re minding Cuhullin that

Love is cauning and revenge is strong.

The lovers did not meet again for months, and when they once more stood face to face it was to plot Curoi's death, which was at last accomplished by treachery, and then Blauid and Cuhullin were united. Ferkertrie, the minstrel, grieved deeply for his master, and went forth alone lamenting, but it chanced that in time he became minstrel to the King of Eman, and saw Blauid once more. He had half thought that he loved her in the days when he but he hated her for causing his master's death, and one day while at a hunting teast- he clutched her in his arms, sprang over a cliff and into the sea with her. Of Prince Cubullin nothing more is said. The

"Blauid" is better than "Deirdre" in more ways than one. It is more evenly sustained; its metre is ess monotonous and more agreeable; it contains great many songs of widely differing character, and therefore gives a better idea of Dr. Joyce's great ability in versification than could be derived from "Deirdre." and the parts of the story are better ad justed to each other than were those of the author's earlier work; but the public is a capricious cres ture, and may refuse to look with favor on "Blauid simply because it is a second poem and not a first. In the proem the author says :-

O thou, to come, though yet perchance unborn,
My country's Poet, prince of bards sublime.
'Mongst those who in the future's gleaming morn
Will make great music, in thy manhood's prime
And day of fame remember me, and climb
My Hill of Rest, and take thy musing way
Unto the place of tombs, and with sweet rhyme
Stand thou beside my hoedstone lone and gray
And strike thy sounding harp, and sing no little lay.

In this some bloom of Fancy mayst thou find—
Heroes and heroines from the dusky hato;
Of Eld Pre called, and itimaed them, heart and mind
As best I could in all their thoughts and ways
Of love and war; and if it win thy praise
And thy approving smile I sak no more
Than this, to add one green leaf to the bays
In learning and it song my country were
When all was dark, save her, in days of yore!

A few days before the publication of "Blauid" Roberts Brothers will issue Arnold's "Light of Asia," which is fairly well known to American through its English edition. Houghton, Osgood & Co. will bring out "The Bodleys Afoot" Saturday. It is very much like the other Bodley books in it. general character, although its story is new, and it terest the young gentlemen who contemplate enteramazing, like all the Bodley covers, and is partly Japanese and partly English in style. JULES VERNE'S CHINESE ROMANCE.

Jules Verne's "Tribulations of a Chinaman in

China" has been translated into English by Virginia

Champlin and will be published in November by

Lee & Shepard. It is one of the most whimsical of its author's books, and introduces the telephone, the phonograph and Captain Boyton's life saving suit as familiar articles to an educated Chinaman. The story opens by showing the hero at a bachelor din ner which he gives on the eve of his marriage and at which he complains that he is too fortunate for happiness. Wang, the philosopher, his friend, thereupon prays that evil may befall him, and that night he receives a letter telling him that the Central Bank of California, in which all his fortune is lodged, has suspended payment. He immediately de termines to commit suicide, but being a good hearted creature resolves to benefit his friend and his be-trothed by his death, and so goes to the Snanghai flice of the Centenary Life Insurance Company and insures his life for \$200,000, three-quarters of the favor of Wang, and then he walks home to die. Un fortunately he has set his heart on feeling some emo tion when at the point of death, and, finding himself quite cool and comfortable when about to take poison, he gives up his plan, goes to Wang and makes him promise to murder him before the two months for which his life insurance premium is paid shall expire. Kin-fo now begins to feel sen-sations of fear, but they soon de-part and he is again unpleasantly comfortable, when he suddenly learns that the Central Bank of California has resumed payment, that its failure was a money making pretence, and that he is richer than ever. He now wishes to live, but Wang ha disappeared, and with him has vanished a letter written by Kin-fo and saying that he had committed suicide. Now begins a very pretty chase, the man who wanted to be murdered following the man APPEAR-THE STORY AND THE POETRY-THE whom he chose for his assassin to tell him that he prefers to live, and being guarded while engaged in the pursuit by two Americans, agents of the Centenary Life Insurance Company, who are determined not to allow the corporation to lose a valuable life. The three find Wang at last, but he runs away from them and apparently drowns himself, and they return to the home of Kin-fo, thinking that he is safe at last. This pleasing delusion is rudely disturbed by the reception of a letter written by Wang, and saying that he has handed the letter to Lao-Shen, a Tai-ping rebel, and engaged him to do the murder and to pocket the legacy Kin-fo and the insurance company's agents immediately start to redeem the letter, and begin the journey on a junk loaded with coffins of Chinese who have died in America. The agents overhear a conversation between some pirates hidden in the coffins which constitute the cargo, and eatching the name of Lac-Shen infer that the life of their charge is in danger. Thereupon they dress him, his valet and themselves in Boyton suits and take to the water, thereby escaping the massacre in which the crew of the vessel are killed. They land, and find Lao-Shen just as the two months expire, and the Americans bid Kin to goodby, leaving him to shift for himself and go back to report to their chief. Lao-Shen captures

been teaching his friend a lesson, the story ends.

FINE ARTS.

PENCILLINGS IN THE STUDIOS. Thomas Moran returned to his studio a few days

ago from a trip of two months in the far West. which he made in company with his brother, Peter Moran, of Philadelphia, the animal painter. Both bring back large quantities of sketches and studies, those of the landscape painter being all in water colors. They went first to California and visited lakes Tahoe and Donner and the Sierra Range. The Eleho and Ruby ranges of mountains in Nevada were then visited, and subsequently the Wahsatch Range in Ctah. From there they went to Idaho, and started from Fort Hall for the Teton Range to make nose studies which were the chief object of their trip. Two weeks were spent in these mountains, the artists accompanying a military "scout. for an important picture which he intends to paint of the Têton Range, which he considers the fluest group of mountain forms in the United States. On he artist's return East they stopped on the Green River, in Wyoming Territory. Peter Moran made during the trip a large number of studies of animal trains crossing the plains, of camp and road scenes and of the lumbering business on Lake Tahee. Among Thomas Moran's water colors—which are highly attractive, brilliant in color and very -we note those of the upper end and the entrance of Little Cottonwood Cañon, in the Wahsatch Mountains; "Chiffs of Green River;" a very picturesque distant view of the Téton Range, looking across the Téton Basin at the three peaks and Mount Moran; a number of striking little bits along the Green River; a view of an Indian camp on the Ross Fork Indian Reservation and a Turneresque study of Pittsburg. At the Ross Fork Reservation the artist witnessed scenes which he thinks would give very fine subjects for our figure painters—the treading out of the grain by the gayly dressed young bucks mounted on their poules, each carrying a looking glass to view his magnificence, and the women winnowing by throwing up the grain from flat baskets to allow the wind to carry the chaff away. Of these holiday scenes Peter Moran made some studies. We hope some of our young flaure painters will take the hint and go West next summer in search of such subjects as these.

A. T. Bricher, who spent the first part of the summer at Southampton. Long Island, and the romainder at Manchester-by-the-Sea, near Boston, has brought back several surf and shore water color studies from the former place and from the latter a number of picturesque combinations of landscape and sea views with figures, as well as a few rock studies. We note one looking through the pines on Dana's Beach toward the island of that name, one of the "Dana House" and another of the "Singing Sands." Some of the color of the locality is like that seen on Italian shores. A very charming Birket-Foster like scene is looking across the bridge leading to an old mill. The sunshine breaks past the overhanging trees on to the bridge where a girl stands.

Walter Satterlee, who is back from the Adiron-Mountains; "Cliffs of Green River;" a very pic-

Walter Satterlee, who is back from the Adiron Water Satteries, with 18 to the docks, made a number of studies in oil of interiors, with figures. "The Forester's Daughter" shows a young girl standing at the door of a cabin while a pet fawn nibbles at the "choke cherries" which she holds in her apron. Another is of a blacksmith at

pet fawn nibbles at the "choke cherries" which she holds in her apron. Another is of a blacksmith at his forge.

H. A. Ferguson spent the summer at Bar Harbor, Me., and in the White Mountains. He returns with some studies of boats and wrecks on the beach, and others of White Mountain brooks.

T. Addison Richards passed the summer near Providence, where he painted several pictures on Ten Mile River, near Hunt's Mills.

Glibert Gaul, on his trip to Moosehead Lake, made several studies of camp scenes. One of the camp cook, lighting his pipe at night from the fire, he is now using as material for a picture.

William Sartain is again in his studio. He spent the greater part of the summer painting portraits in Philadelphia.

William M. Chase has nearly finished his life size three-quarter longth portrait of General Webb, who is seated leaning back on a fur robe, resting his head on his right hand, and with his left on the chair arm.

chair arm.

Constant Mayer, during his recent trip to France, made studies of types, costumes, and old buildings in Normandy for the picture which he intends to

in Normandy for the picture which he intends to paint, illustrating "Evangeline."

C. M. Burns has brought back with him from Monhegan, on the coast of Maine, a large number of general fishing studies, as well as many illustrating the lobster catching industry.

J. C. Murphy spent the summer near Elizabeth, N. J., where he found much picturesque material.

H. P. Share is hard at work illustrating.
George A. Baker passed the summer in rest at Greeuwich, Conn., and is, we are glad to say, in much better health than he was last season.

Ferdinand Schuchardt, Jr., is again in town.

A. F. Bunner is back from the Adirondacks.
Edward Sangumetti has returned from Martha's Vincyard.

THE ART AMATKUR.

The Art Amateur for October opens with a paper on "Whistler as an Etcner," which is accompanied by a reproduction of a drawing of his bust by J. E. Boehm. Frederic Vors writes of Détaille, of whose pen-and-inks there are several reproductions, the most notable being of his picture from the late Balon now owned by Judge Hilton, and called "The Defence of Champigny." Recent importations of the dealers are written about, and there are art letters from Boston, Provideuce and San Francisco. The departments of "Decoration and Furniture," "Art Needlework." "Ceramies," "Industrial Art"

GENERAL HOME NEWS. Miss Alice Hooper, the Boston owner of Turner's Slave Ship," is dead.

R. Swain Gifford is still at New Bedford, Mass. We regret to hear of the serious illness of William A. Powell, the historical painter.

William R. O'Donovan will execute while abroad statues of Dr. Long and James Oglethorpe for the State of Georgia, which are to be placed in the national Capitol.

The Art Interchange inaugurates a new feature in its number of the 1st inst.—that of drawings in the text. One of decorative art work is by G. Gibson; W. H. Beard contributes a figure from one of his pictures; there is a fac-simile of a pen and ink by Boughton, from his "Priscilla," and a little fig-ure by Kelly. There is also a double sheet of designs for tiles.

or tiles.

A wealthy American in Rome has secured per-nission to have a copy made of the statue of St.

mission to have — Peter.

The Omahs Art Loan Exhibition opened on the 25th inst.

Avening of the 25th inst.

Jules Dupré have beer

evening of the 25th inst.

Two new pictures by Jules Dupré have been placed in the gallery at M. Knoedler & Co.'s. One (an upright) is a view of an old stone mill, surrounded by trees, and the other a good specimen of one of his familiar motives—trees overarching a stream in which are cattle, and behind a luminous

one of the most interesting, and we may say in one of the most interesting, and we may say in its way a unique specimen of aboriginal American art which has been discovered is a huge pipe of serpentine which is at Feuardent & Co.'s. It was bought from a man who brought it from Santa Fe, N. M., who said it came from a mound near there, but would give no further information. Its stem is 9½ inches in length longitudinally, and from where it curves upward to the bowl it measures to the top of the laster 6 inches. The bowl is cut into the top of the head of an eagle, whose beak is turned inward and which has silver disks for eyes. Around the top of the pipe are cut in high relief four naked male figures, one on each side and a smaller pair in front. From below these to near the end of the stem extend the undulsting forms of four rattlesmakes, also in high relief. Three have their heads toward the bowl, while the other would have looked toward the stem if his head had not been chipped off. This one has eight rattles, while the others have nime. Their eyes are of silver. The pipe is well polished and the modelling of the eagle head and of the snakes is good. That of the small figures is more crude. The bowl interior is conical in shape and about one and a half inches in depth, while the passage, which does not follow the form line exactiv, but makes a right angle, is about a quester of an inch in diameter. This curious pipe was probably the pipe of

a half inches in depth, while the passage, which does not follow the form line exactly, but makes a right angle, is about a quarter of an inch in diameter. This curious pipe was probably the pipe of peace of an Indian nation, and is naturally, on account of its material, very heavy. It is a curious coincidence that the pipe should be ornamented with scrpents, while the rock of which it is made is now known to us as serpentine.

The fifth season of the Art Students' League opens to-day, as has already been announced. Among the new casts purchased of the Louvre Museum for the use of the antique sensol classes by the instructor, Mr. Beckwith, are large figures of the Discobolus and the "Genie Suppliant," a colossal bust of Lucius Verus, and a reduction of the great statue of Melponene in the hall of the same name in the Ecole des Beaux Arts. The accommodations of the antique room are much increased, the new apartment measuring 30 by 52 feet. The modelling class, for the instruction of would be sculptors, will be made a feature this year, the professor being the well known sculptor, J. S. Hartley, president of the League. The first monthly exhibition of the season will be held to-morrow evening. Whistler's etchings will constitute the staple. It will not be a requiar art reception, but a reunion of members and other students after the summer.

PILOTY'S GREAT WORK.

Professor Piloty's colossal work, picturing the ien and women whom Munich most honors in her history, which has recently been placed in the Town Hall of the Bavarian capital, contains over one hun, dred and thirty figures, and cost the painter some six years' labor. Ducal rulers, nobles, generals, churchmen, scientists, sculptors, painters, engravers, poets, musicians, actors and other citizens are grouped, sitting and standing, before the genius of the city, who stands in the centre on some carpeted steps, holding in her raised right

hand a laurel crown. To the left, a step below, is a page bearing the shield of the city, around which is a laurel wreath, while to the right, in her shadow, is another carrying scaled parchiments and the sword of justice, rehind this group are some of the older figures in the city's history, while in the extreme foreground are females representing Agriculture and Commerce. From what we can judge by a photograph, we can say that the light and sincle are dinely managed, the grouping is good and the figures are striking. The central group is especially pleasing. One is reminded by the composition a good deal of Delaroche's "Hemicycle."

POREIGN NOTES.

The "Museo Tiberino," which is now being built in Rome, will contain the recently discovered Parnesina frescoes, as well as the statues, bas-reliefs, objects of art and coins tound in the Tiber or on its Lightenant Vitahanes will have charge of the

Lieutenant Kitchener will have charge of the British Museum explorations and excavations in Armenia and the district of Van.

The proposed opening of the Florentine retrospective exhibition has been postponed from November to next winter.

Sir Joshua Reynolds' celebrated picture of the Duchess of tilouecster has been added to the gallery of the Duc d'Aumale, to whom it was left by its lately deceased owner, Lady Waidegrave.

La Rue Duperré, in Paris, has become Rue Fromentin in honor of the painter.

The ruins of an important temple have been discovered at Tegée, in Arcadia, as well as a number of works of art of great value.

A statue of Colonel Denfert-Rochereau, by Becquet, cast from cannon, which the subject took from Belfort after the capitulation, was unveiled at Montbéliard on the list of September.

OCTOBER IN CENTRAL PARK.

IMMENSE CROWDS ENJOYING THE PLEASANT WEATHER-DISGRACEFUL CONDITIONS OF

WALKS AND LAWNS. One of the policemen on duty at the entrance to

central Park yesterday grew bewildered when the HERALD reporter asked him how many people there had been in the Park during the day. "I don't know," said he. "I've been on duty at this gate (the "I don't Sixth avenue entrance) since two o'clock, and not less than nine thousand persons have been by in the four hours. There will be more people going in at the Fifth avenue entrance, and nore at Eighth, avenue than here. I should say that 75,000 was an underestimate rather than an overestimate. There will be more visitors on a pleasant evening than during the day. There is one thing I have noticed," he continued, varming up to his subject, "which I have noticed to-day, for the first time, and I have been here for fifteen years. For the most of the afternoon there were only one or two carriages opposite this entrance. Generally there will be twenty-five or thirty here. You know we are down on the hack drivers and don't allow them on the Park side of the street, but they're always on the other side As I said though, there have been very few there all day to-day. They've been busy. Once or twice, for half an hour at a time, there hasn't been any carriage there at all.' Whether the policeman was reliable in his estimate of numbers or not, it is certain that the Park was full. The Mall, the Ramble, the lake the drives and the walks in every direction were black with people, who were tempted out for a ramble by the glorious beauty of the autumn day. The Park itself was in a disgraceful condition. The walks, where the concrete was not broken and seamed with gaps, were lined with dust and dead leaves enough to indicate that the "appropriation" for the payment of sweepers has been "exhausted." So far as nature could do it the scene was wonderfully beautiful, and had it not been for the air of neglect that made the place look like a forsaken garden, there could have been no more delightful place to spend the afternoon. As it was the delight of a stroll was sadly marred by the dust in the first place and by the unkempt appearance of lawn and shrubbery as well. No clearer indication of the lack of care on the part of the proper authorities could be found in all the park than in the condition of the bridge scross the lake. The bridge is itself a triumph of builders' art. Its arch is a combination of the most beautiful lines that can be found. But the heavy iron railings are disfigured by the vandalism of visitors, and the paint is worn and shabby.

Still, there was much to enjoy, and there were many to enjoy it. The graceful boats that ply on attention to them were loaded with passengers, and the rowers were busy from morning till night. The park carriages carried full loads and the children kept the goat carriages on the Mall constantly in motion.

Loven's resourch, voung—amont. the walks in every direction were black with people,

motion.

LOVER'S RESORTS.

There were old and young—mostly young—among the visitors, and by far the larger portion of the younger people seemed as though they would hardly be hurt if they were called lovers. In consequence the seats in every secluded nook in the Ramble were filled, and hardly a solitary place could be found in all the maze of footpaths that are so excellently designed to bewilder the casual visitor. In the Ramble is a cave. The casual visitor aforesaid, if he sets out to look for the cave, will almost assuredly not find it, but if he stroll careless of whither he is going he will be pretty certain to find himself at the opening before he realizes it. Being at the entrance not find it, but it he stroll careless of whither he is going he will be pretty certain to find himself at the opening before he realizes it. Being at the entrance he cannot do better than to explore it, when he will become aware of certain interesting phenomena. The cave, being a cave, is naturally dark. Being dark it is the chosen resort of sundry owls, who, being driven from the outer air by the glare of day, retire to this dismal place, where they can sit and think. The casual visitor, stepping in, will find it difficult to step around with confidence, and naturally will scratch a match to see where he is going. Then the phenomena will ensue. He will see, perched in various crannies, the owis aforesaid, whe will turn their countenances full upon him and wink porteniously with almost as much reproach in their expression as will be not teals on the faces of the young couples who have also retired to the cave to sit down and think. Very little will probably be said. It is no offence against law or etiquette to scratch a match, however unpleasant it may prove if done sud lenly. But the casual visitor, unless very malicious in disposition will probably retire hastily. At least, that is what the HraalD reporter did.

In the bridle paths of the Park there were very few equestrians. No amount of temptation in the way of good roads and picturesque scenery seems sufficient to make horseback riding really popular, and the walking and driving are sufficient for the most of New Yorkers. On the drives there was a constant stream of all sorts and conditions of carriages and horses going northward early in the afternoon, and an ebb of the tide later on. Not until late at night was the Park quiet.

EYRING'S BABIES.

A GERMAN TAILOR, OVERCOME BY THE ADVENT OF TWINS, FLEES FROM HIS HOME, LEAVING HIS PAMILY IN DESTITUTION.

Leopold Eyring was a happy man. He was a tailor with a frau, a fine, solid specimen of Teutonic beauty, and a little blue-eyed daughter eleven months old. Eyring was a prudent man and loved his wife, not so much for her beauty as her utility There was but little poetry in his composition, but his soul revelled in the music of the sewing ma-chine worked by his wife. Its monotonous click his soul revelled in the music of the sewing machine worked by his wife. Its monotonous click sang songs of bread and beer which detighted his materialistic soul, and Leopold was happy. On Tucsday morning, nearly two weeks are, he went torth from his little shop, at No. 639 East Eleventh street, and atter a short stroll returned. His wife, had been ailing and he was pensive. As he entered his shop his attention was attracted by the plaintive cry of a new born child. Hastily entering the little room, which nestles at the rear of the shop, he learned that he had been blessoi, and that twins had been born to him. The blessoir seemed to him a curse, and he turned gloomity away with a significant shake of his head. He could only see that in the future there would be five mouths to feed instead of three, and that for some time at least his useful frau would be unable to work the sewing machine.

This thought made him desperate.

For a little while he brooded on his fate and counted the mouths to be fed. Suddenly he rose and, gathering up some of his personal effects, bade his sick wife adieu and then disappeared, leaving the woman to her wretchedness and the consolation of her twin babes.

Toward evening his conscience smote him and he returned, but the cry of the helpless twins once more drove him away. Ten days have clapsed since he bent over his wife and bade her "goodby," and no word has yet come from him nor is any hoped for. Mrs. Eyring is once more afoot and with a mother's courage is struggling to give food to her helpless children; but she is weak and employment is searce. The summer's work is over, the winter's work not yet begun, and the poor woman sally needs charitable aid to enable per to the over the next few weeks. Aid given har will be well bustowed.

SHOT BY A PLAYMATE.

James Hardnett, eleven years old, of No. 93 Hamilton avenue, Brooklyn, while in a stone yard at the corner of Hicks street and Hamilton avenue, at a late hour on Saturday night last, with John Dinnen and Samuel Richardson, two playmates, was shot and dangerously wounded in the left breast. Richardson purchased a cartridge pistol from a boy named Michael canfield for thirty-five cents, and went into the stone yard with Dinnen and Hardnett for the purpose of trying it. It was during the firing that Hardnett was wounded. Ambulance Surgeon Plympton, who was summoned, upon finding that the wound was a dangerous one, advised the lad's removal to the hospital. The parents of the wounded boy objected, and he was taken to his home. John Dinnen was arrested on the charge of shooting Hardnett, and Samuel Richardson was held as a witness. The shooting is supposed to have been accidental. hour on Saturday night last, with John Dinnen and